

OVER THE BANISTERS.

"Over the banister leans a face,
Tender and full of meaning,
I see her still, with a dainty grace,
Over her banjo leaning,
While by her side I watch her hand
Over the world's strings straying,
Weaving her face, as I idly stand,
Into the tune she is playing.

The light burns dim in the great square room,
Nobody else is listening;
But through the dusk of the twilight gloom,
Somebody's eyes are glistening.
Broken strains of song are blown
Over her half-turned shoulder,
"Holds her fingers and draws her down,
Suddenly growing bolder."

The rest is lost in a soft low note;
What does it mean, I wonder?
But up from the banjo seems to float
The song of the sweet lip's plunder—
The question asked, and the swift answer
And the "yes" that comes from the landings.
What is it, I wonder, that makes me guess
She looks up at me where I am standing?

What does she mean by the soft low tune
And the words she is faintly humming?
Why does she start again so soon
The banjo's empty strumming?
Sitting there singing an idle rhyme,
With the soft light o'er her steaming,
Is she only trying to pass the time
And am I but a fool for my dreaming?

—Boston Transcript.

THE CAPTAIN'S SHAWL.



OR ten years the old Midget farm house had stood empty, the snow of winter piling themselves up against the threshold in January, the tiny moss pinks peeping through the drifts of dead leaves when the bland May sunshine came; and when, one day, Capt. Ezekiel Midget was seen sitting on a wooden milking stool, smoking his pipe, in front of the open door, the neighborhood all opened their eyes.

"Jest come back from the east," said Deacon Robbins.

"Been a-livin' with pashas and efendis," said John Jenks, who had once heard a lecture on the east.

"Makin' his fortune, I calculate," observed Billy Thaxter.

"Don't look much like it," said shrewd Mr. Munday. "He's got on the very same identicle coat he wore when he went away; I'd know them horn buttons if I was to see 'em in Jerusalem. And he hain't refreshin'ed to signify; and theressut'nly ain't been no attempt to mend the broken fences, nor patch up the stun walls on the place."

Capt. Midget had commanded the Nancy Belle, a fishing schooner which cruised from Maine to Florida, and during one of his voyages he had fallen in with the captain of a Turkish vessel, and allowed himself to be tempted into the far regions of the golden east.

After that all record ceased, except that now and then a rumor floated back of the captain's having been seen by stray travelers, seated cross-legged on a cushion, smoking a prodigious chibouque, in the companionship of turbaned dignitaries and salaaming slaves!

But of all this the captain would bear no testimony.

"I did stay east a spell," was all that he would say, "but I can't say I liked it."

The captain's favorite niece Lucy Ostrom, came down from Biddingham to live with him, and settle his house.

"I don't want things no different from what they be," said the thankless mariner.

"Oh, but you can't live so, uncle!" said Mrs. Ostrom. "And Nathan would just as lief come down and live here, as to work in the shoe factory at Biddingham."

A sharp attack of genuine Connecticut rheumatism accentuated Mrs. Ostrom's advice, and Capt. Ezekiel made no further objection to the plan.

"Lucy's a good creetur'," said he. "I guess I'll let her have her own way."

"Uncle, is it true?" Mrs. Ostrom asked, one day.

"Is what true?" retorted the old man, slowly, rubbing his swelled fingers with pine scented liniment.

"About your having a genuine cashmere shawl that once belonged to a great begum in Wahwallah, in India?"

"Yes, it's true," said Capt. Ezekiel. "Oh, uncle, where is it?"

"I left it in the bonded warehouse in New York," answered the old man. "Was it very pretty, uncle?"

"Wal, it wasn't bad to look at."

Mrs. Ostrom's bright blue eyes sparkled.

"How I should like to see it!"

"Guess likely you would!" was the dry rejoinder.

"Uncle!"

"Wal?"

"What are you going to do with it?"

Capt. Ezekiel screwed up his face.

"Wal, I was calculatin' to hev it sold at auction at Biddingham, Friday week," he answered, slowly. "It order'd fetch a deal o' money, that shawl. It's all sorts o' colors, and that fine ye can dror it through a weddin' ring, if so be ye're a mind to."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Ostrom.

The fame of the begum's shawl spread all through the place. Every woman in Biddingham had some question to ask, or some statement to make in regard to it. Not a soul but secretly determined to put a bid for the treasure.

"It's too bad you've had such ill luck this year, Nathan," said Mrs. Ostrom, with tears in her eyes. "I'd ha' liked that 'ere shawl."

"Well, well, Lucy, 'tain't everybody can have what they want in this world," said honest Nathan.

But in his secret heart he determined to draw his slender balance out of the Biddingham Savings bank, and have a try for the prize coveted so ardently by his hard worked wife.

Her brother, Squire Samuel Gripps, also made the same resolve.

"Lucy shall hev that shawl if money'll buy it!" said he. "She's always wanted a shawl. Mis' Gripps, she's too short and stout for that sort of thing, or else I guess she'd strike for the begum's shawl, too."

Printed circulars relating the eastern treasure were tacked up on all the corner stores and upon the trees in front of the school houses, churches and toll gates, and when at last the all important day arrived, there was a crowd almost equal to that which was wont to assemble on the occasion of camp meetings and circuses.

Squire Samuel Gripps had authorized Bela Smith to bid on his behalf.

Mr. Ostrom, unwilling to be identified by his wife, engaged little Miss Peck, the dressmaker, to represent his interests.

Other householders, maidens and matrons, were there assembled, each and all determined to possess themselves of the scented Oriental treasure, which they then beheld for the first time.

A visible thrill passed through the throng as Jethro Dumbleby, the village auctioneer, held up the richly valued fabric.

"Come, gentlemen an' ladies," bawled Jethro, "here's a shawl worn by the lady of the president o' them eastern kentries an' worth its weight in gold! Here's the Begum Radjee's shawl! Look at it—feel it. Come, gentlemen an' ladies, who'll start the begum's shawl as it orter be started."

"Fifty dollars!" bawled Dr. Drummond, who was supposed to have made a fortune in natural gas in Pennsylvania.

"Sixty!" hoarsely shouted Mr. Mudge, the dry goods man.

"Seventy!" piped Miss Peck.

"Eighty!" yelled Bela Smith.

From this the bidding ran up, after a most spirited fashion, to two—three—four hundred dollars. There it stood for awhile, until Dr. Drummond, with a desperate effort, raised it to five hundred.

Mr. Mudge whispered with his wife, and nodded to the auctioneer to make it six.

Miss Peck withdrew, in obedience to a whispered signal from Mr. Ostrom.

"Seven hundred!" said the squire in bold defiance of Mrs. Gripps' negative shakes of the head.

"Seven hundred and fifty," said Mr. Jenkins of Jenkins Hall.

"One—thou—sand!" bawled Nicodemus Slote, a recently prosperous resident, who had built a rubber factory in the ravine under the hill.

A dead silence fell on all the crowd. With one accord they stared at Mr. Slote, who stood there sleek, smooth shaven and smiling, his hat on the back of his head, his hands thrust in his pockets—Midast in a Nineteenth century costume.

"One thousand dollars is bid for this priceless treasure!" said Jethro Dumbleby. "Who'll give me more! It's given away at one thousand dollars, actually given away. I'm waitin' to hear some one say eleven hundred!"

But no one uttered the magic words.

The begum's shawl was knocked down to Nicodemus Slote at \$1,000. Its rich dyes and sandal wood scented folds were extinguished in a quaint eastern box, fastened together by odd ivory rings, and carried off by Mr. Slote in a ponderous close carriage, drawn by two shining horses.

"I declare, it is too bad," said Squire Gripps.

Mr. Ostrom sighed and turned away.

"A thousand dollars is a thousand dollars," said he, "but I would have admired to see Lucy wearin' of that shawl."

Mrs. Slote appeared in church the next Sunday wrapped in the historic garment. Her strut was that of an overfed turkey hen; her aquiline nose seemed to plow the air like the bow of some aerial boat.

Mrs. Ostrom had on her faded black beaver jacket, worn shabby at the seams. She was rather low spirited when she returned home.

"Mrs. Slote did look lovely in that shawl," said she.

"Humph!" remarked Mr. Ostrom, "I can't fancy Lovisy Slote lookin' lovely in anything."

"Would you like a shawl, Lucy?" asked Capt. Ezekiel, looking with a kindly regard at his niece.

Mrs. Ostrom admitted that she would.

The captain went upstairs to his trunk, and brought down a flat parcel.

"Well," said he, "here's the ginooine begum's shawl for you, Lucy. T'other shawl was one I got of a dealer in the Punjee valley—no great account, anyway, although I allow it was cheap at a thousand dollars. This 'ere's wuth five if it's wuth a cent, and it's the real begum shawl, Lucy, my gal. And it's yours!"

Mr. Ostrom put on his spectacles to stare at it. Mrs. Ostrom burst into tears.

"Why," cried she, "it's beau-ti-ful! Mrs. Slote's can't hold a candle to it!"

"I guess not," shrewdly spoke the captain.

And Mrs. Ostrom's shawl so far outshone Mrs. Slote's, that night at church, that the latter lady went in to violent hysterics as soon as she reached home.

"To think o' that Ostrom woman

wearin' a handsomer shawl than mine!" said she.

"I'll hev the law of 'em!" cried Nicodemus.

But he did not. His case, as Counselor Jenkins informed him, hadn't a leg to stand on.

"The one he bought was a begum shawl safe enough," said Capt. Ezekiel, "but it wasn't the begum's shawl. I never said it was, did I?"

Helen Forrest Graves in Philadelphia Saturday night.

Curious Feat of the Wind.

J. R. Lovespeet Sunday at his farm, near Christiansburg, and it was there that the incident occurred during the high wind on Wednesday night, February 12.

Mr. James J. Hodge is a tenant on Mr. Love's farm and lives with his four children, one a grown-up daughter, in a little two-room frame house, 32x17 feet in size. He says that near midnight he heard the house creaking like it was about to fall to pieces, then there was a jar and all was still. The children cried out in alarm, and he jumped out of bed to find that the house had been lifted from its foundations by the wind, carried about five feet beyond them and deposited flat upon the ground.

The house was not injured and not an article in it was broken. A lamp that was placed on the mantelpiece was not thrown down.

The next day the neighbors gathered and raised the house and placed the foundation stones under it where it stood, and the family is still living there as heretofore.

The house is a well built little structure, ceiled with pine planks.—Nashville American.

Bridging the Bosphorus.

Encouraged, no doubt, by the success of the bridge across the Forth, engineers are now considering the equally great scheme of a bridge across the Bosphorus, thus connecting Europe and Asia and their present and future railway systems. The Turkish newspaper Hakikat gives some particulars of this project apropos of an offer by a French syndicate to build a bridge of 800 meters in length and 70 meters high between Roumeli and Anatoli Hissar. The striking feature of the bridge would be that it would consist of one span, and thus, although of much shorter length than the Forth bridge, it is described as a greater work, because its single span exceeds in length by one-half the longest span of the Forth bridge. The Anatolian railway, it is thought, will make the construction of such a bridge a necessary and feasible undertaking before many years.—St. James' Gazette.

He Saved Her Life.

Miss Susannah Warfield, by her will filed at Westminster, left \$100 to Mr. Julius A. Hood, formerly Baltimore and Ohio telegraph operator at Sykesville, now at Mount Airy switch. This money was left to Mr. Hood to show her appreciation of his bravery when he once saved her life at Sykesville. It was about seven years ago. Miss Warfield was going to Baltimore and had to cross both tracks to get to the platform. She was in the middle of the east bound track and the passenger train was coming along. Mr. Hood was in his office a short distance away and saw the danger. The train was then only about 100 yards away, and she could not hear it. Mr. Hood ran and caught her and carried her off the track. The engine came so close to her that it touched her dress. It was a very narrow escape, and Miss Warfield often expressed her high appreciation of Mr. Hood's bravery.—Baltimore American.

A Rare Accomplishment.

One of the best known society women in the city has a rare and wonderful accomplishment. "I don't sing, or talk, or do any of the clever things of the day," she said recently, "but I can make more hideous faces and more of them than any person in New York. I am certain. Just watch me." Then she began. On the instant a hideously ugly face appeared where the pretty one had been a moment before. Then it was said, then comic, then grotesque, old, crooked, wicked, malformed, simpering, everything in a few moments except its own natural, sweet self.

"It's my one accomplishment," she said, with a laugh, as her face settled into repose. "I took it up when I was a young girl just for fun, and the amusement it has been to my friends has led me to keep it up ever since in spite of its lack of dignity."—New York Evening Sun.

What Did the Man Want?

A man went into a pancake restaurant on Griswold street and said to the waiter girl:

"Bring me an order of hot cakes, one at a time, and hurry up."

The girl brought a plate of hot cakes, and as he ate them had another one ready. This she did six or eight times, each relay being dispatched with relish. At the last he threw down his knife and fork.

"Look here," he thundered in a deep bass; "bring me something to eat. I don't want to swallow batter and syrup all day. Anybody think I was stuck on pancakes."—Detroit Free Press.

Subduing an Indian.

"An Apache, in full war paint, stalked into an Indian school at Albuquerque, New Mexico, one day. The children were immediately terrified, an tremblingly told us he was a 'bad Indian.' They said an uncle of one of our boys had killed his brother, and they feared he had come for revenge. As it was dinner time, I saw nothing better to do than to have the children marched into the dining-room, as usual. We kept open house to Indians at all times, and treat them as distinguished guests, so I motioned to our Apache to take a seat at the table. He sat down, terrible in his war paint, and laid two loaded revolvers before him. The children began to tremble.

"I summoned all my courage and said, 'Put those revolvers on the window.'

"The Apache never moved. The cook placed before him a cup of coffee and a bowl of soup.

"Take away that coffee and soup," I commanded, with my heart in my mouth, adding, to the Indian, 'You shall not have them until you put those revolvers on the window.'

"Trembling for her life, the cook obeyed. When the Apache saw his dinner removed he deliberately rose, picked up his revolvers, and—shall I ever forget that terrible moment?—quietly laid them on the window. His dinner was restored to him. He ate it in silence, and then taking up his property, walked out without a word.

"I did not see him again for years. But this last time, on my way home, as I was waiting in the train at Santa Fe, my terrible Apache, in all his feathers and war paint, got into the car and walked its whole length, as if looking for some one. My blood ran cold. He then left the car and returned with a dozen other braves, as horrible as himself. He introduced them all, and all, must shake hands."—Harriet Phillips, in Philadelphia Times.

His Heart Softened.

The jury in McGregor murder trial at Warrenton, Ga., was "hung" by Juror Baker for four days, says an Atlanta correspondence of the New York World. How a final decision was reached leaked out. Early Thursday morning a dejected set of men gathered in the jury-room, Baker still holding out firm against acquittal.

"Boys, will we ever get out of here?" asked one in a despairing tone of voice.

"I dunno," replied another. "I've argued with Baker till I'm sick, and I've pleaded with him till I'm plum tired out," put in another.

"I've cussed until my tongue is sore," said a third.

"Boys," said Mr. Heath, "There is one thing we haven't tried. We have never prayed for Baker."

"That will do no good. Prayers can never touch the soul of a man who can take cussin' like he does. Prayers will run off him like water off a duck's back," was a reply.

"Boys, let's all join Brother Heath in prayer," called out the oldest man in the crowd, as he thought of home and the joys awaiting him there. Brother Heath fell on his knees in the jury-room and prayed. He asked that the soul of Baker might be softened and that he might show pity to McGregor and his family. Baker was crying when the prayer ended, and said he was willing to let McGregor go.

The Language of the Flag.

The black flag is a sign of piracy. To "strike a flag" is to lower the national colors in token of submission.

The yellow flag shows a vessel to be at quarantine, or is the sign of a contagious disease.

Dipping the flag is lowering it slightly and then hoisting it again to salute a vessel or fort.

A "flag of truce" is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation.

A flag at half-mast means mourning. Fishing or other vessels return with a flag at half-mast to announce the loss or death of some of the men.

If the president of the United States goes afloat the American flag is carried in the bow of his barge or hoisted at the main of the vessel on board of which he is.

The red flag is a sign of defiance and is often used by revolutionists. In our service it is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel is receiving or discharging her powder.

The white flag is a sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded and bury the dead under the protection of a white flag.

Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called flag officers. Such flags are square to distinguish them from other banners.

Politeness in Mexico.

From the Boston Herald.

In Guadalajara, when you enter a street car you are expected, before taking your seat, to bow hat in hand, to your fellow passengers, none of whom you have ever before seen. Arrived at your destination, you must rise, smile a friendly farewell to the conductor, and with a polite inclination of the head, take leave of the driver. And yet Guadalajara is the Boaton of Mexico.

H. KAPKE Leading Tailor.

Has moved across Dennison street into the building recently vacated by P. Penner. His stock of spring goods is new and complete and he will make clothing at LOWER FIGURES than any tailor in McCook.

W. C. BULLARD & CO.

LIME, CEMENT, DOORS, WINDOWS, BLINDS.	LUMBER.	HARD AND SOFT COAL.
---	----------------	------------------------------

RED CEDAR AND OAK POSTS.

THE CITY BAKERY.

A. PROBST, Proprietor.

Fresh Bread delivered every day Free of Charge

PIES—CAKES—CANDIES—NUTS—OYSTERS—CIDER
CIGARS—TOBACCO—ETC.—ETC.

LUNCH -- ROOMS -- IN -- CONNECTION

DRYSDALE,

LEADER IN
HONEST PRICES!

And what is of more importance,
Quality and Style.

Why not have a suit that fits you, when one which is both stylish and serviceable can be bought for \$22.00. A pair of trousers which are really elegant, DRYSDALE will build you for \$5. Fine fabrics cost but little at DRYSDALE'S now, less than misfits in fact. Look him over. You will place your order. Save money. Feel better and look better. Buying for cash and light expenses does the business at DRYSDALE'S.

ALLEN'S TRANSFER, Bus, Baggage & Dray Line.



F. P. ALLEN, Prop.,
McCook, NEBRASKA.

Best Equipped in the City. Leave orders at Commercial Hotel. Good well water furnished on short notice.



I will buy stock cattle of any age, from calves up. Also, stock hogs. At Brush creek ranch, 3 1/2 miles southeast of McCook, Neb.

R. A. COLE,

Leading Merchant Tailor.

Will sell English, Scotch, French and American cloths AT COST for the next sixty days. Come and get a first-class suit of clothes cheap. It is a rare chance. Shop two doors west of the Citizens Bank, McCook, Nebraska.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR FOR LOST OR FADING MANHOOD. General and Nervous Debility. Weakness of Body and Mind. Effects of Excesses in Old or Young. Strain, Spleen, Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate, Seminal Organs, etc. Strengthened by the use of the VIGOR. Absolutely safe. BOTTLES TRAVEL—Bottle in a day. Sent by mail from 40 States and Foreign Countries. Write to: ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

KILPATRICK BROTHERS.



Horses branded on left hip or left shoulder
P. O. address, Imperial, Chase county, and Beatrice, Neb., Range, Stinking Water and Frenchman creeks, Chase Co., Nebraska.
Brand as cut on side of some animals, on hip and sides of some, or any where on the animal.



To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,
SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Suitable for all Ages. Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.

KISSING "7-17-70" PHOTOGRAPHURE PANEL SIZE. Mailed for 4cts. (copiers or stamps). J. F. SMITH & CO., Makers of "BILE BEANS," ST. LOUIS, MO.

J. S. McBRAYER,

House Mover & Drayman,

McCOOK, NEB.

House and Safe Moving a Specialty. Orders for Draying left at the Huddleston Lumber Yard will receive prompt attention.

F. D. BURGESS,

PLUMBING,

Steam and Hot Water Heating.

North Main Avenue,

McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

A stock of best grades of Hose, Lawn Sprinklers, Hose Reels and Hose Fixtures, constantly on hand. All work receives prompt attention.

Hurrah for Huber!



I am prepared to do all kinds of work, such as contracting and excavating, tree planting. Carpet laying a specialty;—ten years experience. All work guaranteed. Leave orders at this office.
FRANK HUBER, JR.